Enter Edward and Richard, with Drum and Soldiours.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and hapleſſe warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?

Rich. I cannot ioy vntill I be reſolu'd,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I ſee him beare himſelfe,
As doth a Lyon midſt a heard of Neat,
So fled the enemies from our valiant Father,
Methinkes tis pride enough to be his ſonne.

Three ſunnes appeare in the Ayre.

Edw. Loe, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious ſunne,
Dazle mine eyes, or do I ſee three ſuns?

Rich. Three glorious ſunnes, not ſeparated by a racking cloud
But ſeuered in a pale cleere ſhining sky.
See, ſee, they ioyne, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vowd ſome league inuiolate.
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one ſunne,
In this the heauens doth figure ſome euent.

Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the ſonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Already each one ſhining by his meed,
May ioyne in one, and ouer-peere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
Ile beare vpon my Target, three faire ſhining ſuns.
But what art thou that look'ſt ſo heauily?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Oh, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of Yorke was ſlaine.

Edw. Oh ſpeake no more, for I can heare no more.

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

Meſ. VVhen as the noble Duke was put to flight,
and then purſude by *Clifford* and the Queene,
and many ſouldiors moe, who all at once
Let driue at him, and forc'ſt the Duke to yeeld,

And then they ſet him on a mole-hill there,
And crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpite,
VVho then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthleſſe Queene perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the blood of ſweet young *Rutland*,
By rough Clifford ſlaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his breſt they thruſt their bloody ſwords,
VVho like a Lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of Yorke they ſet his head,
And there it doth remaine the pitteous ſpectacle
That ere mine eyes beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, there is no hope for vs:
Now my ſoules Palace is become a priſon.
Oh would ſhe breake from compaſſe of my breſt,
For neuer ſhall I haue more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breaſts moyſture
Scarſe ſerues to quench my furnace burning hate:
I cannot ioy till this white Roſe be dy'de,
Euen in the heart blood of the houſe of Lancaſter.
Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or dye my ſelfe in ſeeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy deſcent by gazing gainſt the Sunne,
For Chaire, and Dukedome; Throne and Kingdome ſay,
For either that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, Montague, with drum, ancient, and ſouldiers.

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes abroad?

Rich. Ah *Warwicke*, ſhould we report the balefull newes,
And at each words deliuerance, ſtab Ponyards in our fleſh
Till all were told, the words would adde
More anguiſh then the wounds.

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